

# Even the Mighty Fall

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**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Hurt/Comfort, M/M, everyone loves richie, richie deserves nice things

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-10-11

**Updated:** 2017-10-11

**Packaged:** 2020-01-26 12:51:43

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,495

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Basically instead of Bill getting grabbed by Pennywise during the final fight Richie does. Which means Eddie gets to say the big speech.

aka Richie's insecurities get the best of him

## Even the Mighty Fall

Everything went dead silent, and Eddie could have sworn he could hear his own heart beat. All eyes were turned to Pennywise, who had Richie in a headlock clutched tightly against its chest. Time seemed to have slowed down and Eddie didn't know what to do. A mere few seconds ago, him and the others were fighting the clown. But somehow Pennywise managed to break free from their grasp and grab their Trashmouth.

Nobody said a word, everyone just watched wide eyed. If any of them made a move, Pennywise could easily kill Richie. The clown started to move backwards to one of the large pipes. "Leave your friend with me and I shall spare your lives. You can all grow old and forget about me" Pennywise bartered. "I will take my long rest and you will never hear from me again."

Eddie glanced back at the others, trying to read their faces. Instantly he could tell from Beverly and Bill menacing glares that they were not going to let the clown have Richie. Ben and Mike each seemed to be waiting for the perfect moment to attack Pennywise. Even Stan appeared ready to fight to death to free his friend. Eddie already knew he would try to save Richie with or without the backup of the other losers.

What the gang was not prepared for was when Richie spoke. "Just go guys" he begged, fear beginning to take over him. "You guys have families who will miss you. No one will care if I don't come home." Tears fell freely down his face. "All I do is annoy you guys anyway. Save yourselves, you will be better without me."

Something broke inside of Eddie, hearing Richie speak so lowly of himself. He stepped towards the clown, letting his fury take over him. "You are right Richie, you do annoy the hell out of me. I won't miss the way you constantly make fun of my mom. Or the dumb nicknames you always call me. I don't want to die, especially for someone who doesn't even know what gray water is. You make my life a constant hell." At the statement he made his way towards a baseball bat, lying in the rubble. "And now you are going to make me kill this fucking clown."

Eddie charged forward with such conviction, Pennywise actually let go of Richie. It was not fast enough though to dodge the bat that connected with its head. The bat broke in half on impact, but the damage was done. The rest of the gang ran forward, following Eddie's example.

The clown growled in pain and began changing into each of the losers individual fears. The kids easily overpowered the evil entity, using the love they had for each other to fuel them.

When Pennywise fell into the dark abyss, the gang felt instant relief. They all flooded Richie and pulled him into a group hug. All except Eddie, who stood cross armed away from the group. He stared coldly at Richie.

Richie quickly took notice of his friend's behavior and broke away from the hug. "What's wrong Eddie Spaghetti?" Richie asked. "The clown's dead, you should be jumping for joy."

"Do you really think nobody cares about you, Richie?" Eddie responded quietly.

All the color drained out of Richie's face, as his eyes darted to the ground. "My parents fucking hate me. They wouldn't care if I went missing."

"What about us? You don't think we would care" Beverly challenged, understanding how the boy felt. She knew what it was like having bad parents.

Richie shrugged and sunk to the ground, falling to his knees. "None of us have even talked for the past few weeks. Bill doesn't care about me, he punched me in my fucking face. Ben only cares about Beverly. Beverly only hangs with us because of Bill and Ben. Stan hates everything I do. And Mike could care less about me."

"And what about me?" Eddie asked, afraid to know the answer.

"You despise me the most. You wouldn't answer any of my phone calls for the past month and straight up ignored me everytime you picked up your medicine."

It was Beverly who acted next, walking straight up to Richie and slapping him across the face. He fell onto his butt and stared at the girl in shock. "How dare you accuse me of not liking you. I love all you guys. You are one of my best friends and I would care if you went missing. You guys are my escape from my shitty home life."

Mike went next. "You are one of the only friends I got. You don't see my skin color, you see me for me. I would fight a killer clown anyday for you."

Richie still hung his head low in shame and embarrassment. Ben sat down next to him and rested his arm on his shoulder. "I haven't known you long, but you are my family. And I won't let anyone mess with you. Please believe me, but I would be very sad if you went missing."

"I invited you to my fucking bar mitzvah you twat" Stan yelled, ruining the calming mood Ben had just set. "Richie you are my best friend and sometimes we bicker, but it doesn't mean I hate you. Jesus man, you come over to dinner with my family once a week, You think I would let someone I hate into my house."

Bill lifted Richie's head to look at him. "I-i-i may not be go-o-o-od with speeches, but he-e-e-re goes. I am sorry for pu-punching you. I to-o-ok my anger out on y-you, and I-i-i shouldn't have do-n-ne that. Yo-u-u stuck by me du-u-uring Georgie's death. I don't kn-o-ow what I would have done without y-o-ou. You helped ke-eep me sane with y-o-our constant joke-s-s. You helped me take my mi-n-nd off of Georgie. Promise m-e-e, you will never go mi-s-s-sing like G-georgie. I can't l-o-ose anyone else I care about."

Eddie was pacing back and forth in front of Richie, muttering curse under his breath. "I hate you, Richie, I really do. How are you so stupid? Only you would think your friends hate you and still be willing to die for them."

"What can I say, I'm a saint" Richie joked, trying to smile. The smile was clearly fake, but at least he stopped crying. "Why did you ignore me?"

"I was avoiding you.... for reasons."

“So you do hate me?”

“I don’t hate you.”

“You say that, but you wouldn’t fucking talk to me. Why?” Richie asked, raising his voice.

“Because I think I’m in love with you” Eddie blurted out, covering his mouth with his hand in shock. Now it was Eddie’s turn to cry. “I was afraid of what you would think if you found out.”

Richie stood up and smiled a real smile. “Now who’s the idiot.” Before the boy could think of a response, he was getting kissed by Richie. Eddie’s anger at Richie washed away with the kiss.

The other losers cheered them on, hooting and hollering. Eddie could have sworn he heard Stan whistle at them.

When Eddie pulled away, he began to lightly punch Richie’s chest. “I never want to hear you talk shitty about yourself again. Do you promise?”

“Fine, I promise” Richie stated, rolling his eyes. He kissed Eddie gently on the cheek, causing the smaller boy to blush and hide his head against Richie’s shoulder.

“And if you ever start to feel bad, come talk to us. Don’t let it build up” Mike added, not wanting his friend to feel so unloved. Mike knew what it felt like to be friendless and he didn’t want Richie to feel that way.

Beverly came up beside Richie and whispered to him “if you ever want to talk about your parents I am always available.”

“If you need to ever get away from your home, you can always stay at my place” Ben offered, hoping he could force Richie to listen to New Kids on the Block with him. He needed someone else to appreciate their music like he does.

“Or mine” Stan added.

“Or my house” Bill said.

“No need to get so pushy” Riche chuckled. “Everyone can have a piece of Richie.”

Eddie interlocked his hand with Richie’s. “How about you stay at my place tonight?”

“Well that is the best offer I have gotten today” Richie beamed, completely ignoring everyone else.

Beverly couldn’t help but laugh at Richie. “How about we try the group hug again and then get out of the god damn sewers?”

“You read my mind” Stan approved, because this place was stinky as hell and his face was fucking bleeding.

The hug made Richie feel whole and welcomed. He knew his friends would always have his back. In those moments he felt wanted. He would never feel unwanted and unloved again, not while holding Eddie’s hand.

#### **Author's Note:**

Hopefully you guys liked the fic. Please leave comments and kudos, if you liked it. Those help inspire me to write more fics. I love Richie and Eddie so much and I love the friendship the losers have. This probably won't be my last fanfic about the losers :)